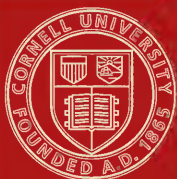




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Mortuary.

Joseph Dennie.

January 7.

1812.

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MORTUARY.

AT the commencement of this year, the Editor of The Port Folio, animated by returning health and increased resources, ventured to speak with exultation of the brilliant prospects which dawned on his future labours. But the powers, even of the strongest, are precarious—and the hopes of the sanguine frail and delusive. A single month—a few short days—have outlived not only all these fond anticipations, but the fancy too that indulged them; and it is now our melancholy duty to announce the sudden death of

JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQUIRE,

on the afternoon of the seventh of January. 1812.

Subdued and humbled as we are, by witnessing the recent and unexpected dissolution of one who had so many titles to our esteem, we know not in what language to convey our sensibility to the merits of this amiable gentleman, and accomplished scholar, thus lost in the maturity of his genius, and the full career of his usefulness. Though his existence was limited to forty-four years, they had been years of various fortune. The dazzling successes which had flattered his early life, were for some time gradually darkening, and to these misfortunes had been more recently added the pangs of domestic affliction, which have peculiar power to wound the irritable and sensitive feelings of genius, and to weaken the energies of the most exalted understanding. But the soothing arts of reflection, and the affectionate sympathy of friends, had vanquished at last all these enemies—the dreary images of sorrow were hastily receding—the gloom of disease and care, which had so long oppressed him, was now passing away, and the light of fairer hopes broke upon his slumbers. With renovated health, with a mind restored to ease, and a heart returning to all its affections, his friends gladly hailed the renewed and vigorous exertions of his genius. But it was only the hectic strength which wrestles over the tomb. On these

bright and cherished expectations the grave has suddenly closed. Scarcely had he returned thanks for the new health which the bounty of Providence assigned to him, when his gratitude for the possession of these blessings was interrupted by the loss of them. The glow of ambition—the high and generous flush of new projects of literature, or benevolence, was yet warm on his cheek, when the coldness of death invaded it. He had scarcely strewed on the recent grave of his father the offerings of filial reverence, when a similar duty to himself is thus feebly executed by the unsteady hand of mourning Friendship. It is on recollections like these, at once so painful and so consolatory, that the fondness of affection will long delight to dwell—and we reluctantly leave them to share with others our regret for his loss, and to speak of the deceased, not as a friend, but as he will be known to his country at large, and to posterity.

That country will be insensible of its obligations, unless it number Mr. DENNIE among its most meritorious citizens.—Next, and next only to those distinguished beings to whom heaven has given capacity to lead a nation's arms to freedom, or guide her councils to happiness, may be safely ranked the few, who contribute to purify her morals, and adorn her name by elegant literature. Their value is not always appreciated, because the gradual revolution they accomplish, may escape the eye of vulgar calculation, but their efficacy is not less certain, nor their utility less permanent. In our own country, more especially, the avenues to political fame are so wide, the interest of public concerns so overwhelming, that they absorb, perhaps, too much of our attention. For the distinction they confer is momentary—the honours they bring are very precarious; and often after a few years of feverish notoriety, that man subsides into a mortified and sullen politician, whose talents, otherwise directed, might have yielded honourable distinction to himself, and permanent lustre to his country. MR. DENNIE gave to the powers of his mind a far more useful application. The great purpose of all his exertions, the uniform pursuit of his life, was to disseminate among his countrymen a taste for elegant literature, to give to education and to letters their proper elevation in the public esteem, and reclaiming the youth of America from the low career of sordid in-

terests, to fix steadfastly their ambition on objects of a more exalted character. In this honourable enterprize, he stood at first almost alone. But such is the power of a single mind in awakening the talents of a whole nation, so easily may the pliant materials of public opinion be moulded by the plastic hand of genius, that the establishment of his work may be considered as forming an æra in the literary history of America. His example had a magical power, not only over the circle who were influenced by attachment to his person, but on all who had the slightest tincture of learning. The attention of the people was excited by his brilliancy—the purest scholars of the country flocked to his standard, and the nation was seduced at once into the luxury of literature. This was the prominent object and the reward of his ambition—for no occasion was ever omitted to sustain our literary pretensions, and no man sought with more eagerness, or cherished with more enthusiastic kindness, the faintest glimmerings of American genius. The first efforts of the timid were encouraged by an attractive gentleness, their errors corrected with mildness, and none were repelled by superciliousness or dogmatism. How successful were his endeavours to purify the taste, and improve the morals of his countrymen—how long and how largely he contributed to their instruction and amusement, need not be told to any who are familiar with American society. Of the individual himself we may be permitted to speak with greater confidence. In the various acquirements which compose the character of a man of letters, MR. DENNIE had unquestionably no equal in this country, and few, if any, superiors in Europe. At a very early age he abandoned the ordinary pursuits of life to offer his undivided devotion on the altar of literature. The love of letters was, indeed, his darling passion—the light which had charmed his youth, which illuminated his manhood, which still threw its mellow and wavering beam on the sickness and sorrow even of his dying hour. In the indulgence of this enthusiasm he had been a most laborious student—he had read every thing on every subject—so that if the rigidly exact sciences be excepted, there was scarcely a topic of human knowledge with which he was not

familiar. But he delighted most in the moral studies—in those inquiries which, diversified by a thousand hues, conduct us to the knowledge of man—of his history, his nature and his habits, the most splendid periods of his existence, the highest exertions of his intellect. These were the favourite studies to which he abandoned all his genius. He had ranged, indeed, with an excursive step over the entire field of literature; but he loved most to linger by those enchanting spots which the highest culture had embellished, and to gather from their exuberance the choicest flowers. So pure, indeed, was its texture, so delicate its conceptions, that his mind seemed, if we may speak so, to have been bathed at its birth in the very essence of literature—to be daily fed with the celestial dews of learning. The stores which his unwearied diligence had thus collected, were retained by a memory of extraordinary vigour, and animated by an ardent and almost oriental imagination. Such was the discipline to which his extensive acquisitions had been subjected—so obedient to his will the powers of his mind, that we have never listened with so much fascination to the colloquial powers of any other individual. Abounding in felicity of expression, and a singular aptness of quotation, decorated with every ornament that did not border on gaudiness, it possessed a copiousness and elegance—and had about it a captivating originality which we have never seen before united. His written style was but the transcript of his conversation. It was marked by the same attractive grace, the same affluence and even luxuriance, which, if it be considered as sometimes above its subject, erred only by its elegance—like some spotless virgin, who, whether in the splendour of society, or the humbler cares of the household, was always attired with fastidious delicacy. Of his works it would be superfluous now to speak, since they will shortly be collected by his friends, and must then vindicate their own pretensions. It was, however, his own and the public misfortune, that his literary exertions were, for the most part, occasional and desultory—that his mind had never yet been seen in all its development—or occupied the high and ample space which its natural expansion would justify it in assuming. His works are therefore rather the promise of what he more seriously meditated, and what, but for his premature loss, he would not

have failed to accomplish. Yet, even imperfect as they now remain, they bear honourable testimony to his genius, and will always form a valuable addition to the literature of America—they will at least attest his sincere devotion to the great cause of religion and morals, and learning, which all his writings assisted to defend and disseminate.

But his literary attainments, however distinguished, his works however honourable, were only subordinate parts of his estimable character. The most exalted powers are not always united with the kindest tempers—and the flame of genius is too often discoloured by malignity. But in his harmonious composition the highest brilliancy of understanding was seen unshaded through the most transparent purity of heart. The fondness of friendship here hesitates with distrust of its own partiality. Yet on those who have enjoyed an intimacy with departed worth, there seems to devolve with the peculiar power, a peculiar duty to declare its value. We will not, therefore, so far wrong ourselves, or the memory of him whom we love to honour, as to suppress the conviction that it was never our lot to know a being more emphatically pure and amiable. Far from impairing his natural goodness, the embellishments of education served only to give it a bolder relief, and a more striking contrast. With all its rich variety of ornament—its festooned columns, its Asiatic magnificence, the inner temple of the heart, was of the most chaste and Doric simplicity. There was indeed in his character something quite new and original to our experience. It was not the simplicity of Goldsmith—nor the artlessness of Lafontaine. It was more amiable than either—it was the natural excellence of a heart occupied only with the honourable feelings of our nature, and shrinking intuitively from all the avenues by which the sordid passions might approach him. In the midst of the world, he did not seem to live so much in it, as above it—in his own abstract and unmingled sphere of goodness. Yet he was not negligent of his duties to society. In circumstances never beyond mediocrity, he gave with a generous disregard of himself to all who needed his bounty—in his least prosperous hour, he never withheld the liberal, though limited charity, and even the few to whom retaliation would have been injury, received only kindness and oblivion.

A man of letters by profession, he was totally free from literary jealousy; but, severe only to himself, and apparently unconscious of his own superiority, he gave to every one the fullest measure of applause. On his own high and scrupulous honour, his life was a practical commentary. His religious convictions were steadfast and uniform. His faith equally removed from intolerance and levity, was of that amiable cast which renders religion the guide of prosperity, and the solace of misfortune, and on his own death bed he derived from it those consolations which his writings have so often taught they were capable of imparting. To his private virtues let those who have long known him—let that wide circle of whom he was the delight and the ornament, bear testimony. So full of urbanity and gentleness were his manners—so amiable his deportment, that none could approach, without loving a man from whom there never escaped an unkind expression—who, in his graver mood, was an instructive friend; and in his social hours, a most gay, and captivating companion. However, therefore, his writings may be received by the world, or with whatever harshness its colder eye may regard the weaknesses incident to his nature, there are many who will long see with affectionate regret, the tomb which incloses a being once distinguished by all that can endear our sympathies, or excite our admiration.

These hasty and imperfect lines convey but faintly the feelings which his death has suggested. They do not aspire to delineate his character. That task is committed to abler hands; nor would the writer have permitted himself even this melancholy indulgence, were it not necessary in some way to introduce a topic, on which he could neither be silent with propriety, nor trust his feelings with safety.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

MYSTERIOUS Nature, at whose shrine I bow,
How passing strange! how wonderful art thou!
When on the couch the extended body lies,
Lost to the world—incompetent to rise;
A breathing mass—insensible of breath,
The senses touch'd with temporary death;
Then active Fancy haunts the slumberer's bed,
And pours terrific visions round his head.
Soft smile the hours of rest—we close our eyes
On placid moonbeams and on sparkling skies;
When horrid Fancies, worse than poets feign,
Rise from the grave of sleep, and haunt the brain.

Such fearful thoughts my drooping soul opprest,
When calm Oblivion sooth'd each sense to rest—
Methought the cloudless moon, in lustre bright,
Alike the queen of Silence and of Night;
Was rising to her full meridian tour,
And bath'd the landscape with a silver shower.
Heedless what course my wandering feet might take,
I wandered by the margin of a lake.

Delighted with a prospect so serene,
I stood and gaz'd on night's majestic queen;
And mark'd her streaming rays of pallid white,
That on the foilage fell with touch so light,
As fearful Silence from her haunt should flee,
And wake the quiet slumber of the tree—

Sudden methought in tones distinct and clear,
The welcome voice of Friendship caught mine ear.
I follow'd, and a form arose to view,
Beneath the shade the baneful cypress threw.
At such an hour of night I could not bear
To tread that gloom and hold communion there.

And canst thou in this gloomy shade sojourn,
This cold and dreary shadow of the urn;
Whom Friendship, Genius, and the Muse caress,
And whom each gentler spirit joys to bless?

Behold! how beautiful the moonbeams break
On the smooth bosom of this crystal lake;
Or when the Zephyr o'er the surface trips,
And strives to touch the shadow with his lips;
Chaste Dian's image flies from place to place,
And thus eludes that wanton boy's embrace.
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,
O leave the shade of that unhallow'd tree!

At such an hour, the spirit stirring Muse
Delights to wander in these peaceful dews;
She waits thy coming, with a smile serene,
To walk with thee and bless the moon-light green.
And has that voice, which thou has't lov'd so long,
That always bound thee by a spell so strong,
No longer power, to charm thy tardy feet,
And woo thee from that cold and dark retreat?
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,
O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

Lo, ev'ry gentle spirit is awake!
Beside the margin of this peaceful lake.
They call thy footsteps, from that tree of death,
In cheerful whispers, mild as Mercy's breath.
Yes, all thy guardian spirits hover round,
And chide thy steps, on such unhallow'd ground,
They wait thee, to participate their bliss,
And bid thee *welcome, to an hour like this.
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,
O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.—

Lo! Friendship calls, in sorrow and dismay,
That voice so sacred, summons thee away,
That sound was ever fraught with magic power,
To charm the sorrows of thy saddest hour,
And drive away those fiends that haunt thy brain,
That very voice, alas! is heard in vain.
Come then, my friend, O! wander forth with me,
And quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

* The amiable traits in the character of the late editor of *The Port Folio* are not probably so generally known as his genius.

This hour has sainted Melancholy blest,
 And does she claim thee as her ancient guest?
 O how unfit, beneath this shadow drear,
 To taste those joys so holy and so dear.
 He who frequents the placid moon-beam finds,
 A sacred luxury, for pensive minds.
 'Tis his alone, to relish with delight
 The solemn, awful, mysteries of night.
 This shade affords thee no such hallow'd spell;
 Here sprites unblest, and wicked demons dwell;
 No sympathy here wounds with gen'rous pain,
 Unholy forms arise, that tear the brain;
 Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,
 O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

Does Contemplation bid thy soul expand,
 Behold this arch, magnificent and grand!
 This noble arch—the cincture of the sight,
 And strew'd so plenteous with the fires of night.
 Thus does high Heav'n hold intercourse with men;
 And thus Devotion sparkles from the pen.
 'Tis this unveils Religion's awful shrine,
 And kindles rapture in a soul like thine.*

Here Madness raves, Despair and every sprite,
 That haunt the sober quietude of night.
 Chill hang the dew's upon the cypress leaves,
 Loud and more loud the boding raven grieves;
 Mournful the gale of midnight murmurs by,
 And through the deep'ning foilage heaves a sigh.
 Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,
 O leave the shadow of the cypress tree.

He came—how chang'd was DENNIE to my sight!
 His garment glow'd a robe of silver white!
 Fairer than life—majestic was his tread,
 A star of glory twinkled on his head—
 He turn'd and paus'd—then eying me awhile,
 Said nought, but vanish'd with a placid smile.

* It is unnecessary to dwell on the popularity of Mr. Dennie's Lay Preacher.

I turn'd again—the cold, ungenial shade,
 The midnight dews—the horror haunted glade
 Were seen no more, and where the cypress threw
 Its dismal gloom—the *smiling olive grew*—
 Where the soft moonbeam tipt the branch above,
 With silver light sat *Mercy's snow-white dove*.
 I gaz'd awhile transported, but the dream
 Fled with the shades of night, before the beam.

A.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THOUGH afflicted and embarrassed by the lamented death of the late editor of this Journal, his successors are not unmindful of the duties of their station. In all its difficulties, whether assailed by enemies, or occasionally weakened by the relaxing diligence of friends, The Port Folio has been cordially greeted by the distinct and audible voice of public approbation. To a kindness at once so indulgent and flattering, it were worse than ingratitude to be insensible. An union has therefore been formed, among some of the oldest and most steadfast contributors to this Journal, who have determined that no exertion shall be omitted, no assistance in their power withheld to support the literary reputation of The Port Folio. Unwilling to rely on the casual aid of strangers, their association is strengthened by a direct and immediate interest in the success of their own labours, the safest pledge of their sincerity and diligence. Of their own pretensions to the public favour it is not for them to speak, nor will they tempt the unwary by splendid promises which may hereafter reproach their negligence. But animated as they are, by all the motives which can stimulate the exertions of men—a zealous care that an establishment which they have so long cherished, shall not be suffered to decay—an ardent desire of literary distinction, and the impulse of interest, they may venture to hope that those who have been accustomed to look to this Journal for

amusement or instruction, shall not be in future, disappointed. They cherish, too sincerely, the memory of the late accomplished editor, and have too high an admiration for his talents, to presume that his loss can be supplied; but they still believe that their united exertions may accomplish something not unworthy of public favour.

Yet though in some degree, independent of external aid, we do not the less cordially invite the contributions of the learned and liberal scholars of our country. To our success, none who value the reputation of America, can, we trust, be wholly insensible. Standing far aloof from the contentious scene of her politics, our aim is the aggrandizement, the literary splendour of the country at large, a subject offensive to no sect, but the common cause of all.

Those too, who are ambitious of honest fame, may be invited to communicate freely with us, from the ample means which this Journal affords of rendering their speculations notorious—since it has attained a wide circulation through every part of the union, and enrolls among its patrons, the most distinguished names in America. We shall therefore cheerfully receive, and leniently judge all that may be submitted to us, and always exercise with slow and reluctant hand, the odious prerogative of rejection.

The topics calculated for a journal so miscellaneous as ours, cannot be embraced even in the widest description. But it may not be superfluous, to suggest certain prominent points, on which we shall in future, bestow a marked attention, and to which we wish to direct the liberal studies of our contributors.

The Port Folio is essentially a *national* work—It is the oldest existing journal, we believe of a similar character, in America, and whatever, therefore, may tend to illustrate its literary or physical resources, to advance, or to adorn its prosperity, shall find its appropriate place in this Journal—With this view, we shall cheerfully insert judicious and authentic accounts of any portion of American history, more particularly every thing that may tend to preserve a knowledge of the habits, manners, and even costume of the aborigines—well written tours through

any portion of the United States—Interesting papers on agriculture—Disquisitions on the fine and useful arts, and all the various information comprehended under the name of statistics.

To the poetic genius of America, we shall ever give a willing attention. In all our researches, we seek most diligently for that pearl of price, original poetic talent, and though condemned to waste our time in turning over much juvenile and crude versification, we are always amply repaid by even a transient glimpse of the hidden glories of Genius. We would, however, warn our young poets, instead of copying from authors, either ancient or modern, descriptions of foreign nature and foreign manners, to study that best author Nature, not clothed with learning or distorted in books, but in the simple guise in which she is seen every where around us. There is not a more picturesque or poetic region than our own—Arcadia itself is not more beautiful nor yet more sonorous than Pennsylvania; and the Thames, or even the Arno, are insipid brooks, by the side of the Hudson or the Schuylkill. If we would rise above inanimate nature, our own annals are abundantly furnished with materials for poetry. The genius of Campbell, has not anticipated our finest subjects of poesy; for the colonization, the Indian wars, the revolutionary contest, teem with events of sufficient interest for every flight of the Muse. We hope, therefore, to receive ample contribution on all the topics we have indicated. But before we conclude, we would request, that those who may be impatient for the appearance of their papers, to remember the variety of clashing pretensions to precedence, which it is our province to reconcile, and to impute any occasional delay of publication, not to inattention on our part, but to the inevitable difficulty of adjusting the respective claims of numerous and valuable contributors.

JUDGE COOPER has perused the observations of Mr. Johns; but he finds nothing in them that might tempt him to reply; and he declines all controversy that does not promise to contribute to public information.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DURING the autumnal and midsummer months of the last year, which has forever fled away, on the pinions of Time, the Editor of this Journal was *compelled* to relinquish its duties, and to be regardless of its delights, in consequence of the furious onset of three potent adversaries, Sickness, Sorrow, and Adversity. Under the ardency of the summer solstice, and while **the dog star's unprofitous ray was flaming*, he was confined to the couch of Languor and Anguish; and, in the decline of autumn, he was afflicted by one of the most tremendous domestic calamities,† which can agonize the Sensibility, nourish the Melancholy, and *overpower the Fortitude*‡ of man. The influence of infirm health, in marring the operations, both of manual and mental industry, is familiar to every patient, as well as to every physician; and when to corporeal Pain and yawning Lassitude, the "Sickness of the Soul" is superadded, from such an abhorred alliance all the brilliant powers of Invention, and all the strong body guards of Labour keep obstinately aloof, or fly timidly away. The pen of the readiest writer corrodes in the standish; his papers and projects reposing, ingloriously, on the shelves of dust, or in the pigeon holes of oblivion. His desk is overthrown, his manuscripts are mouldy, and his vase of ink is as dry, as the vessel of the gospel outcast, while wandering in the parched wilderness of Beersheba. What Johnson emphatically calls the *load of life*, is then truly wearisome. Society presents nothing to gladden, and Solitude nothing to sooth. In vain do we fly to the sequestered shades of the country. Let all the beauties of Nature solicit our notice§—let all the *diver-*

* Pope.

† The allusion is to the regretted demise of one of the dearest and most venerable of his family friends. A mortuary and biographical sketch of the late Mr. DENNIE will appear from the pen of his son, as soon as the excited sensibility of the latter will allow him to do ample justice to the merits, and to hallow the memory of the deceased. Of this amiable and accomplished parent, a very elegant eulogy has been pronounced in many of the public papers, by a faithful friend of the family, and one of the most eloquent lawyers in Newengland.

‡ Edmund Burke.

§ Dr. Johnson.

sities of Pleasure court our acceptance—let the birds carol enchantingly in the grove, and the flowers bloom odoriferously in the meadow; let the breeze whisper softly in the wood, and the sun dance gayly on the water; *each rural sight, each rural sound** is equally lost to him, who is under the dominion of that relentless Power, which the poet Gray energetically calls the TAMER OF THE HUMAN BREAST,

Whose *iron* scourge, and *torturing* hour
The bad affright, afflict the best.

By one, who was himself a severe sufferer, it has been remarked, with truth and eloquence, that there are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be regretted than that of an active mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body. The time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down, delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his Ambition with the Fame he shall acquire, or his Benevolence with the Good he shall impart. But in the night the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience and distraction, and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but to misery. It may be said that Disease generally begins that equality, which Death completes; the distinctions, which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

This dismal description of the despotism of Disease the Editor *feels* to be no fable. Partially rescued from the galling shackles of Pain, he is now so far convalescent, as to invoke, with languid voice, *some* inspiration from the Muse.

* Cowper.

*WINTER, *sullen and sad, with all his rising train, Vapours, and Clouds and Storms*, which oppresses other men, less valetudinary, often ministers, by an agency, at once magical and mysterious, to the invigoration of his body, and the burnishing of his mind. Though his Imagination never blooms, and his Judgment never ripens, yet his humble faculties are rarely more vigorous, than during the austere season. His drooping Spirit, like certain *lowly* evergreens, reveals some *sickly* signs of animation, amid frosts and snows: while the PRIDE OF THE GARDEN, the Rose and the Hyacinth, reserve the glorious expansion of *their* beauteous flowers, until the return of the fostering gale, †the warbling bird, brilliant skies, and genial sunshine.

Personal and domestic misfortunes, however acute to the temperament of Sensibility, are gradually mitigated by Meditation. By the benignity of the Great Author of our existence, we are created, not merely with hearts to feel, but with minds to ponder. Reflection and Contemplation, lovely sisters, are often within our call, in the gloomiest night of Horror. Moreover, the moral consolation, so liberally imparted by the BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF BOOKS,‡ affords more solace to Grief than all the manuals of Epictetus, or all the dogmas of Zeno. Time, which on all things lays his *lenient* hand, supported by the puissant auxiliaries, already indicated, though they may not *vanquish* the troops of Care, yet, unquestionably, they always *keep in check* the enemy.

During that painful and protracted period, when the Editor was interdicted from the exercise of a favourite employment,

* Thomson.

† The Editor humbly hopes that, by the sternest critics, this figure will not be deemed too puerile, on the one hand, or too daring on the other. Even in our Hyperborean climate, the Rose may wait, in pleasing expectation, for the arrival of any warbler; but the Author's allusion is to one of the wildest, though certainly not the least delectable of the oriental fictions, in which the Nightingale is said to be *enamoured* of the Rose. Without *gross* violence of metaphor, therefore, the timid Beauty may be supposed not to *blush*, until the arrival of her lover.

‡ The Sacred Scriptures.

The Port Folio was very ably and assiduously conducted, by a literary Friend and a Gentleman,* whose Genius and Industry are brilliantly conspicuous. But no literary *locum tenens*, no deputy editor, however alert and indefatigable, however affluent with all the riches of Learning, however glittering with all the diamonds of Wit, and glorious with all the gifts of Fancy, can possibly, at all times, supply the place of the *Principal*. From the very nature of his office, the latter must have more experience in editing, and more *technical* knowledge, with respect to the *details* of literary labour. Here the comparison ends. The Editor of The Port Folio is too painfully conscious of his *innumerable* imperfections, not to confess, with alacrity, how unworthy he is of his station, in comparison with a host of other scholars.

But the habitual and inveterate partiality of his Booksellers still urges them to retain in the ranks a man, who has little more to contribute to the noble cause of Learning and Science, than the most eager Solicitude, and the most ardent Zeal. The Editor, therefore, REMAINS AT HIS POST; and, to pursue the allusion, whether he is a partisan officer, or a humble sentinel, he will strive to do his duty.

Notwithstanding the illness and rustication of the Editor, and the consequent suspension of his labours, the interest of the proprietors of The Port Folio has not been affected. The subscription list has increased, is increasing, and SHALL NOT BE DIMINISHED.† The kindness, candour, liberality and *long suffering* of the reading classes of the American nation deserve, and *they shall receive* all the gratitude, which we can display. By that coy mistress, the Public, the Editor has always been treated, as a sort of favoured lover; though, unquestionably, for this fond preference, he is indebted much more to *her* graciousness, than to *his* gallantry. In the artifice of courtship he never was an adept; but his suit has been listened to, in spite of all his awkwardness, rudeness and rusticity.

* PAUL ALLEN, Esq.

† The allusion is to a celebrated declaration in the House of Commons, by the brilliant Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, the friend of Sir W. Jones, the ornament of the bar and the delight of society.

Whether the pages of this Journal be dull, or bright, whether its contributors recline on the sofas of *INDOLENCE*, repose in the howers of *RETIREMENT*, or ramble over the regions of literature, still the work is munificently patronized, not by * *Politicians*, not by faction, not by the vulgar, but by the most illustrious descriptions of American society, by the Liberal, the Ladies, the Lawyers, the Clergy, and all the Gentlemen and *CAVALIERS* of Columbia.

This † *zeal of kindness* merits a liberal return.

Accordingly, a few days, prior to the festivities of Christmas, the senior proprietor of this paper, with that *LIBERALITY* and ardour of enterprize, for which he is justly characterized, and which we promptly and sincerely acknowledge, resolved that the resources of the Port Folio shall be augmented, its spirit quickened, and its *POPULARITY PERPETUATED*. The junior partner of the house is now in the metropolis of the British Empire, and invested with *full powers*, as a literary ambassador, to negotiate with artists, booksellers and writers for an ample collection of the most spirited and splendid plates which can be purchased, accompanied with *ORIGINAL* elucidations and *ESSAYS*, to adorn this Journal. In future, the engravings for The Port Folio will be equally numerous and captivating. With respect to the mechanical execution of the work, it is agreed, even among the prejudiced, that no Magazine, or periodical pamphlet, issuing from any of the presses of Europe, exceeds The Port Folio in the brilliancy and correctness of typography. With respect to the price, a consideration in the purchase of a pamphlet, not to be slighted, even by *liberal* Economy, it is capable of logical and legal proof that it is sold at a very fair, as well as just valuation. In fact, no Journal of similar workmanship, and presenting the same quanti-

* The pernicious influence, or interference of a certain description of this class of American *animals* has frequently jeopardized the interest of the Editor, and driven him repeatedly to the very verge of ruin. He has felt their ingratitude; he abhors their meanness; and, contemptuously assures them, in the language of an indignant writer, that they do not *RISE TO THE DIGNITY* of being hated, and are only despised with moderation.

† Johnson.

ty of letter press, is afforded at so cheap a rate, either at home, or abroad.

It now remains for the Editor to speak audibly, concerning the cardinal point of this enterprize, the LITERARY MANAGEMENT, on which the reputation of the work demonstrably depends. Well printed pages, and magnificent plates have their charms, and due consideration; but the public justly expect fine writing, as well as striking illustrations. Men call clamorously for specimens of ORIGINAL GENIUS, and for all, which TALENTS and assiduity can impart to strengthen, or to divert the mind. This call, it is proposed, to answer as distinctly as possible.

The *confederacy of men of letters*, associated at the commencement of The Port Folio, in its *Phoenix* form, having dissolved, almost as soon as they convened, for reasons which, in a future number, we shall fully detail to our laughing readers, the Editor ever since, has been obliged, in long and frequent intervals of indisposition, to rely, principally, upon fortuitous and eleemosynary aid. Hence, like any man depending upon alms for his support, his literary supplies were equally scanty and precarious. The character of his journal has been impaired, and his own mortification intensely aggravated in consequence of the frequent penury, or flimsiness of his materials; although many of the communications, with which he has been honoured, are of the very first class of composition.

Fully to atone for the Editor's negligencies, absences, and indispositions, a scheme equally specious and solid has been, at length, happily devised. Conscious that the character of a lettered confederacy was exactly of that crumbling nature, as the allied army under the duke of Brunswick; the Editor, for a very long season, has been anxious for a *colleague*, who should have a *direct interest* in the enterprize, who should be a confidential and favourite friend, and who should be capable of unlocking the stores of Learning, and revealing the glories of Genius. This plan is of no hasty adoption. *Two years* ago, all the keenness of the Editor's inquisitive optics was intensely fixed upon a gentleman and a scholar, who, from his liberal leisure, and still more liberal mind, was, of all men, *the individual*, whom the

Editor would select, after the maturest deliberation. Fortunately for his gratification, the interest of The Port Folio, and the satisfaction of its subscribers, this beloved and accomplished associate is now in *full communion* with the Editor. With the joyful acquiescence of the Proprietor, they have formed a literary coparceny; they *have* embarked in a joint adventure to the regions of wit; the Editor contributing nothing to the common stock, but the bankruptcy of his mind, while his opulent associate furnishes the amplest capital.

In the painful progress of his literary labours, while the Editor has had frequent occasion to exclaim with Paul, **Demas hath forsaken me, having loved too much the things of this world*, it is a source of the most pleasurable sensation exultingly to announce that LUKE is *with me*. Such is the *invincible* modesty of our friend, that he will not permit the Proprietor to point out to the public, who is *Luke*. We foretell, however, with Mr. Pope, on a similar occasion, that our classical companion will not long be concealed. The most heedless adventurer in the regions of Peru, or the mines of Golconda, in spite of partial concealment and incidental obscurity, must, from bursting radiance on every side, recognize the shining ore, and the precious fossil.

The Editor, therefore, once more engages in a task, which is generally considered as drudgery for the blind, as the proper toil of artless industry; a task, which requires neither the light† of Learning, nor the activity of Genius, but may be successfully performed without a higher quality than that of bearing burdens, and beating the track of toil, with sluggish resolution. This is an injurious and false opinion, however promulgated by the arrogant and the envious. The province of the Editor, *if it be low, is certainly safe*. If the fruits it yield are not high flavoured, nevertheless, they are wholesome. As the drudging cultivator of this field, the Editor has a thousand times doubted his qualification. But the opinion of his employers, masters, and patrons have great weight; and let it be added, not in the words of an insidious flatterer, but one of the honestest men

* See the second most eloquent Epistle of St. Paul to his beloved Timothy.

† Johnson.

that ever existed—Ausonius thought that modesty forbid him to plead inability for a task, to which CÆSAR had judged him equal.

From its peculiar nature, and many auspicious circumstances, attendant on its present projection, the Proprietors and Conductors of this Journal are not without pleasing prospects, although they may be obscured, as heretofore, by the clouds of misfortune.

Uniting, in one plan, the grand compartments of Science, Literature, and the Arts, it combines whatever is pleasing with whatever is useful, the advancement of speculative knowledge, with the history of practical results. It makes liberal provision for the CAPRICIOUS VARIATIONS OF LITERARY PURSUIT; and, embracing numerous objects of rational inquiry, it ought to obtain the cooperation of the learned *of all parties*.*

We now commence our career; and hope that, at least, we may *approach* the goal. We are governed by every noble Power, †having a laudable influence over the mind of man: by the desire of glory and the ignominy of defeat; by the goadings of that blessed instinct, which will not suffer our faculties to rust with slothfulness, or droop in lethargy; by all the documents of Reason and Experience which demonstrate that such exertions are salutary; by generous Emulation; by honest Pride, and by A VIVID SENSE OF THE POWER AND RESOURCES OF OUR COUNTRY. We call, and we hope, audibly, upon our contemporaries for literary, for scientific, for MORAL AID. To such a call the most accomplished of the Americans cannot be inattentive. The Tutelary Genius of the country will then smile benignantly on our labours, and we shall be lighted to success, by a ray from Heaven.

* A note, appended to a preceding paragraph, pertinent to politicians, the Editor avers, upon the faith of a Cavalier, has no sort of allusion to the reigning administration, its admirers, or adherents. What are called, in the language of party, democrats, or republicans, often contribute liberally to this journal, which is nothing like the journals of faction, and is wholly vacant of political and theological discussion.

† Many references are had in this paragraph, to the glowing and energetic language of one of the most accomplished scholars of Trinity College, Dublin.

